

Old and New Year Thoughts

I

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

II

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

III

We spend our years as a tale that is told. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

IV

And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.

V

A few more days and the old year with all its joys and sorrows will have gone into the eternal past, and the new year, the second in the twentieth century will begin. The old one should close with rejoicing and thanksgiving for triumphs of the right, whether in individuals or nations, and deep sorrow and sincere repentance for the failures in our individual lives and in nations; the new year should open with a firm resolve for advanced steps in the deeper, spiritual life, for new triumphs of truth in our own lives, in the life of the church and in the life of the nations of the earth. May the year 1902 witness a deeper work of grace in the hearts of all the readers of the BRETHREN EVANGELIST than ever experienced before. Let each one endeavor to become a greater power for good in the service of the Master and in the uplift of humanity.

VI

Before another EVANGELIST reaches our readers the year 1901 will be one of the things of the past, a glorious year it was for thousands of people, a year of progress and development, both spiritual and material. Looking back over all the varied experiences, the labors, the toils, the joys and the sorrows, the sweet things and things bitter that have been crowded into it, the triumphs, the victories, the successes, the failures, the disappointments, the defeats, the crowns of thorns and the crowns of glory, which have marked the first year of the twentieth century, it appears after all to have been very short. Like all other years it is made up of 365 days. How quickly they have come and gone. What the new year will contain for us we do not know. Its history is yet in prophecy; its events, whatever they may be, are yet to be worked out. It is a matter of gratitude to the Creator and the Father of us all, and the Preserver of all things that we do not know. If the events and the changes and the experiences of the next 365 days were open to all men, such knowledge would paralyze industry and plunge us into the depths of despair. A wise providence has withheld from us the things that are not meet for us to know.

VII

Good resolutions are always in order, but this particular season seems to produce the biggest crop. Men usually start the new year with a car load, but the trouble is they

don't seem to be provided with thru tickets. First station, off they get. The biggest cemetery in the world is the graveyard of good resolutions, and there is generally a funeral about the middle of January, or first of February. O, for a doctor who could cure sick and dying resolutions. He would be the greatest of benefactors. One live resolution is better than a thousand dead ones. Start with a few, and stick to them. Determine to succeed this year. Go in to win. Take stock in the firm of Pluck, Perseverance and Providence. Good investment that. Pays 100 per cent, both in time and eternity.

A Profitable Loan

The story has been recently published of an old man, a cripple and destitute, receiving as a total surprise a legacy of \$15,000 from an old friend whom he had helped in his youth. He had loaned this friend some money to start in business, but the venture was disastrous, and the friend disappeared in the west. There he made a fortune at mining, and in his will bequeathed his old benefactor the sum mentioned, which was several times the amount of the original loan. Somewhere we are told that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." And we are also assured that "bread cast upon the waters will return after many days." It is an invariably safe plan to "do good as we have opportunities," and leave the results with the Lord. The reward will come in some shape; it may not be as we imagined, or even hoped, but it will come as the Divine Wisdom and Divine Love directs, and that will be the best way. No capitalist is making such investments as the man who renders his service of love and charity "heartily as unto the Lord." And the beauty of it all is, that we need not be rich to make these investments. Love in the heart will find many ways of expression besides the money way, if the latter is denied by circumstances. The poorest may lay up treasures in heaven.

Vanishing Beauty

Miss Maud Coleman Woods, of Alexandria, Va., was awarded the palm for beauty at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Within a short month she was in her grave. How vanishing is the vision of earthly beauty. To day receiving the admiration and homage of the world. Tomorrow food only for earth worms.

Have you ever thought how lavish of beauty is that great Artist who sitteth in the heavens? It was his thought, his hand, that created the wonderful beauty of the human face and form. And yet these marvelous creations are but for a day; and every hour he sweeps away, into forgetfulness and dust, thousands who are as perfect in symmetry as the miracles in marble which have immortalized the names of Phideas, or Michael Angelo.

Behold the poverty of human genius, whose sculptured heroes, gods and goddesses, the slow and painful labor of a lifetime, are treasured above all wealth in the museums and temples of the world, while the divine Sculptor daily models thousands perfect in form and feature, and daily destroys his work as if it was the slightest fancy of a passing mood.

Spring and summer he spreads before us the incompar-